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which he identified himself, and in no small degree that evil is due to him.

A man irresistibly swept into a net of wickedness, to which he yields under protest, may enlist our sympathy; but not the Kaiser.

"Having in hand the formula of peace, needing only Russia's acceptance—which, as a fact, was in substance already assured—would the Reichstag have failed, as William II failed, to communicate it to the Russian Government while Nicholas II was solemnly protesting that mobilization did not mean war? . . .

"Analyze the situation as we may, we are always brought back to the 'necessities' created by Kaiser William Second's desire for prestige and the pressure of a military camarilla of which he was the head."

In short, what we have to do with in the case of Germany is the perversion of a whole people—in which one man played a prominent, a decisive, a whole-souled part. Economic motives, German ethics, junkerism—all these had for pretext and historic cause dynastic ambition and medieval ideals—of which ambition and ideals William II was the active exponent and in part the creator.

Yet the historic view does not justify childish animosity. The actual guilt of the Kaiser is plain; let us leave his *metaphysical* guilt to God. *It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.* The thing for the rest of the world to do is to get permanently rid of dynastic ambition: we are justified in doing with the Kaiser whatever it is necessary to do in order to achieve this end.

In any case, the study of his career is morally and historically illuminating.

Dr. Hill sums up the result of his comprehensive and penetrating study in words notable for breadth and justice:

"That which creates our interest in Kaiser William II is not any merely personal qualities that mark him as a man. It is that in playing the part of German Emperor he has exposed to mankind the danger that inheres in the Prussian doctrine of the state. His personal faith and teaching have only brought to maturity its deadly fruitage; for, believing himself endowed by special divine appointment with the immunities of the irresponsible state, in lighting the torch of a World War he has held himself without accountability to the standards and judgments of civilized men."

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THE STORY OF THE SUN: 1833-1918. By Frank J. O'Brien, New York: George H. Doran Company.

*The Story of the Sun*, by Mr. Frank P. O'Brien, is so much more than the biography of one of the most interesting newspapers in the country that the title seems too restrictive. And yet it is the right title, for Mr. O'Brien, with all the wealth of collateral matter of such varied interest with which he has covered the 455 pages of his book, never once gets far afield from a straightforward, flowing narrative of the *Sun's* brilliant career from the day of its birth to its present effulgence under the comparatively recent ownership of Mr. Frank A. Munsey.

But, in reality, Mr. O'Brien's book may fairly be described as an outline history of Journalism in New York during the past eighty-five years. It even goes a little beyond that. It gives one a satisfying glimpse of an entire journalistic world of the then not very important little city into which the *Sun* was born at 222 William Street on Tuesday, September 3, 1833. At this point Mr. O'Brien stops to note that of all morning newspapers then existing in New York on that day, only one other, the *Journal of Commerce*, is now extant save the *Sun* itself. How Benjamin H. Day, while working as a printer in the office of that same *Journal of Commerce*, as far back as 1830, became inoculated with a newspaper microbe then infesting the intellectuals of another *Journal of Commerce* printer, named Dave Ramsey; how this germ fastened itself upon Ben Day, until at last it resulted in the inception of the *Sun* on the date above named—all this Mr. O'Brien tells in the few spirited pages with which his *Sun* biography opens.

It was Ramsey's great idea, elaborated and practically applied by Day, that what the public wanted was a cheap newspaper, a penny newspaper that told in a quick, concise, live way the daily story of those near-at-hand actualities of the world in which they lived. The other newspapers were top-heavy—top-heavy in price and top-heavy in topics. They had created a long-felt want, Day believed, and he set about filling that want.

He was a graduate of that great academy of journalism—the Springfield *Republican*. He was only twenty-three years old at the time of his venture and he had learned to set type in the *Republican* office when he was a mere boy. Samuel Bowles was then the editor of the *Republican* and it was two years before another and a greater Samuel Bowles was born.

Naturally there was the usual derision of the Ramsey-Day cheap newspaper idea and the usual benevolent prophecies of failure when young Day, Ramsey having vanished from the scene, so far as the history of the *Sun* is concerned, set a pair of very firm, square jaws and reduced the idea from theory to practice. About 1,000 copies of the first *Sun* were printed, and of these only five are now known to be in existence—one in the private library of the present editor of the *Sun*, Edward Page Mitchell; one in the Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street; two in the library of the American Type Founders Company, Jersey City, and one very carefully locked up in the *Sun's* safe.

There were seven morning and four evening newspapers in New York when the *Sun* was born. The *Evening Post*, with William Cullen Bryant and Fitz-Greene Halleck, its editors, was flourishing with a circulation of 3,000. The *Morning Courier and New York Enquirer* (morning), had a larger circulation than any of its esteemed contemporaries—4,500. New York was even then the nation's metropolis and was about as large as is the present Indianapolis. Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Halleck, Nathaniel P. Willis and George P. Moonis were the largest figures of intellectual New York then, and four of them, at least—Irving and Cooper, Bryant and Halleck—still loom large on the intellectual horizon of their country with its hundred-odd millions of population.

It is in the delightfully intimate glimpses Mr. O'Brien continually gives us of these and other names, now developed in a rather awe-inspiring reverence, which is one of the great charms of his book. A little startling, to be sure, are some of these glimpses. For instance, it comes as something of a shock to read of the author of *Thanatopsis* and *The Death of the Flowers*, having a spirited fist fight in front of the City Hall one sunny afternoon with William L. Stone, one of the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser*. But journalism in those days wallowed in billingsgate and hair-raising personalities, and coffee and pistols, as well as bare knuckles and horsewhips, were some of its equipments.

J. Watson Webb was the leading New York newspaper man of the day. He was not a pacifist, although his father had held the Bible upon which George Washington took the oath as first President of the United States. J. Watson had been in the army and his militant spirit was still with him when he was editor of the *Morning Courier* and united it with the *Enquirer*. He was a progressive in journalism. He established a horse express between New York and Washington at a cost of \$7,500 a month to get news from Congress and the White House twenty-four hours ahead of his rivals. Incidentally he was a fighter. He had a row with Duff Green in Washington in 1830, and in 1830 he thrashed James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*, in Wall Street. He challenged Representative Cilley, of Maine, to a duel. Cilley, who was a classmate at Bowdoin of Longfellow and Hawthorne, refused the challenge but had no objections to a gentlemanly exchange of rifle shots with Graves, of Kentucky, Webb's second, and was shot dead at the first fire. In 1842 Webb fought a duel with Representative Marshall, of Kentucky, and was not only wounded but sentenced to two years in prison for leaving the State with the intention of fighting a duel. He was pardoned in two weeks.

It was upon this stormy sea of New York journalism that the *Sun* was launched, a pretty frail bark, as many believed, but destined quickly to show proof of staunch sea-going qualities. It prospered; but its great event, the event which confirmed it as a financial success of the first order, was its publication of the Great Moon Hoax. This curiosity of American newspaper literature is but a dim memory of tradition even among the older New Yorkers and little more than a meaningless phrase with most people. Mr. O'Brien tells the whole curious genesis of this remarkable bit of fiction with a minuteness of detail and a vividness of narrative which is fascinating to a degree. He also reproduces extracts from the story itself as well as the fanciful pictures of moon life and landscapes which the *Sun* printed. In all the earlier reminiscent part of his *Story of the Sun* there is no chapter that more agreeably engages the attention than the one devoted to Richard Adams Locke's exploit in "faking"—the Great Moon Hoax.

With the exception of an interlude of about a year when the *Sun* was purchased and conducted as a rather oppressively dull publication on a religious basis, the paper was ever the sprightly, very worldly publication it became during the best years of the Dana control. Ben Day sold it to the Beaches for \$40,000. They sold it for \$250,000. Then it passed, on Charles A. Dana's death, to the ownership of the

Laffan interests; then to Mr. William C. Reick, and, finally, to its present owner, Mr. Frank A. Munsey. The two epochs in the paper's history are the Day-Beach and the Dana, and it is hard to say which of the two, in his admirable work, Mr. O'Brien has made the more interesting. The Day-Beach times are undoubtedly the more picturesque, for life in that first half of the nineteenth century seems to have had a tang and zest which gradually faded into more colorless days with the growing communication and tendency towards standardization in newspaper production. The story of the *Sun* with the brilliant group of writers, headed by Edward Page Mitchell, which Mr. Dana gathered about him, is so close to the days in which we live that many of the old, the no longer young, and those treading on the heels of the no longer young will find Mr. O'Brien's book a most refreshing and entertaining reminder of men and events that may be growing somewhat dim. It is quite within the mark to say that there is not a dull line, much less a dull page, in all Mr. O'Brien's record. It is not only a history of journalism in New York for nearly a hundred years back, but it is a rich store of biographical data of men who made up New York's intellectual life during that period. The *Sun* was ever called "the newspaper man's paper," and with quite as much warrant Mr. O'Brien's *Story of the Sun* may be called the newspaper man's newspaper book.

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THE RECKONING. By James M. Beck. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In his eminently sane, vigorous, and democratic book, *The Reckoning*—logical successor of *The Evidence in the Case* and *The War and Humanity*—Mr. Beck presents, explains, and solidly builds up three definitive ideas, three principles that every one needs to grasp and apply with reference to the present state of the world.

If we cannot at this juncture take hold with firmer conviction and with broader comprehension upon the elemental truths of civilization and of democracy—if a majority of us cannot do this—then the ultimate benefit of the war will be lost.

No other post-war discourse flies so straight to the mark as does Mr. Beck's.

The first of the fundamental ideas of which the author treats is the Higher Law.

The grasp of this large conception as something no less real than the Constitution of the United States, no less familiar than the Ten Commandments, no less mighty than the force of national patriotism, is the thing most needed to insure sane, confident, resolute thinking about problems big and little.

The existence of the higher law has been recognized more or less clearly in all religions, all mythologies, all literatures. It has found a place in ancient Roman and in modern English jurisprudence. Before the comparatively recent doctrine of the omnipotence of Parliament arose, "the great masters of common law all supported the doctrine, as laid down by Lord Coke, that the judiciary had the power to nullify a law if it were against common right and reason." Again the Pil-